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AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

As the white population of Australia increases the blacks are gradually dying out. It is now a rarity, says the 'Graphic,' to see a native in Victoria or New South Wales, except on the stations specially provided for them by the government. In Western Australia, South Australia and Queensland they are still, however, very much 'en évidence.' Never before have aboriginals taken part in a public ceremony as they did in the state entry of Lord Lamington into Brisbane. A guard of honor was made of these men. The seventy-four men chosen for the purpose by Mr. Archie Meston (who has devoted his life to the study of the habits of the aboriginies) were splendid specimens of humanity. Representatives of nine tribes were present. One man, in hideous pigment, half his face and body being yellow and the other half white, bore a black shield with a white hand depicted on it, and wore round his neck and head a row of kangaroo's teeth. He belonged to the old Port Macquarie tribe, the only one which used the cognizance of the white hand. Others bore on the shield a double red cross, and hailed from the Clarence River, broad-pointed shields were borne by the men from the Russel and Johnson River. The blacks of Cape York bore dugong spears crowned with tufts of cassowary feathers. The Archer River natives carried the cruelest implement of native warfare, spears barbed with the points of the stingaree. The Ipswich tribes were painted yellow and white and blue and red, while the Stradbeoke Islanders were hideous in blue and yellow spots. Their headdresses were things to pause and wonder over, feathers of all descriptions forming part of them. All carried the redoubtable boomerang.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MRS. HARVEY JELLIE.

'Time's up!' that's always her word, and ready enough she is to hurry off somewhere. I'd like to know where she is so glad to get to,' said one of the flower girls as they looked after one of their number who had once again gladly said those two words.

They were not likely to know where Jessie Wylde went to, for she carefully avoided detection by taking a different way or going out of her course, to mislead their curiosity. She had a history, that slender woman with the sad grey eyes, and there was a pathetic tone in her voice as she said, 'Please, buy, only a penny a bunch,' that called for a second glance at her face, if not for a penny for her pocket. Before the others had finished their noisy talk and cleared off with their remaining blossoms, Jessie was mounting a staircase in a house behind one of the large thoroughfares in London. Opening the door, she went to the chair near the little window where sat a girl of sixteen.

'Isn't she just starving for her tea, then?' she said, putting her basket down.

'Jess, it's been a long day this, and I've counted the sparrows over and over, as they hop about the chimneys there, and I watched the smoke trying to get up through the thick, hot mist; and nothing would make me sleepy; and I get almost mad to think I might have been strong and able for work, if only—'

'Hush! it's no use making matters worse by talking of the "if only," for that's the "crook in the lot" of most people, I fancy; so you pick over my flowers, and I'll attend to you, Madge.'

The reproved girl at once ceased her murmuring, and commenced arranging the flowers in a dish of water, now and then wincing at the dull pain in her back.

Not very long ago their home had been ruined by a subtle enemy, and the quiet incoming of the foe had caused no fear until its hold had become secure, and the father sacrificed himself to intemperance, and the children were left to the mother's care; but the chain of a dangerous habit had become too strong for her. Madge was trying to hold her mother from falling when in an intoxicated state one day, and the senseless woman turned upon the child, pushed her roughly, so that she fell downstairs, and never recovered from the consequences. For a time this put a check upon indulgence, but she yielded again, to be conquered, and

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL WOMAN.

leave her daughter Jessie with an invalid sister.

Wounded pride made them try to hide their parents' wrong, and battle hard with want and weakness, till, reduced to the lowest, Jessie took her place among the sellers of the street, and contrived to keep herself and Madge, in an upper room. Some days were bitterly disappointing, and no bright ray of hope seemed to cross the dull pathway of their existence; pain and weariness to the one, and struggle and vexation to the other.

One afternoon in autumn a Christian woman passed by where Jessie stood; she gave a second look at the anxious face, and, taking a shilling out, she purchased nearly all her flowers, not that she was wanting those fading blossoms, but she guessed that young heart needed sympathy and comfort.

Thankful tears rushed into Jessie's eyes, and quickly turning, she hastened to go to Madge.

'Time's up sharp, to-day,' said one who saw the little fortune turn in—but no taunts received answer; Jessie was on her way. Madge had been bad, and nourishment was beyond her reach, and to sell those flowers was the only chance of getting any. A shilling! It would buy much; and almost breathless (for she was weak) she entered the room.

'Milk, an' egg, bread an' butter; see, old girl, you shall have food now. You aren't fainting, are you? What's the matter.'

The sight of her was appalling—so white and rigid!

'Jess, I wish I was in the silent land like father and mother; it can't be worse than dragging a life of hopeless misery here!'

'I said I'd never take charity, Madge, and as long as I can earn money for our food I don't mind; but if it comes to failing at that I wish to be there, too, and have an end of it all.' Take this, my girl, and cheer up,' and Jessie handed the milk to the parched lips. 'Now I'll tell you how it is I am home so early. A lady, with such a countenance as one seldom sees in London streets, came near where I stood. She looked hard at me, and again; and then she just seemed struck with my flowers, and bought a shilling's worth right off. And I saw her look after me as I came away. She had a sort of face that makes you feel happier for seeing it.'

'There ain't many like that, are there, as you see faces in the streets, Jess?'

Here a knock at the door startled them, and Jessie opened it cautiously, to see the same kind face before her.

'I saw you come up here, and I wondered if I might venture and ask if you live alone?' said the stranger.

There was no refusing her. All the coldness of her being seemed to thaw before the warm glow of that smile, and Jessie invited her in.

'I am here with my Master's invitation. He has told me to ask you to come into his kingdom and love. Will you accept it and come?'

'We have never gone in for religion, if that's what you mean,' said Jessie, amazed at the new kind of talk.

'But will you let religion go into you? You both seem to need its comforting power. Why should the only source of happiness be shut out?' And then, with tact and Christian love, she drew out the story of their life, and left them with new thoughts and feelings.

The house was not far off to which she went, surrounded by a pretty garden, and unlike the houses in the dirty streets.

'What report to-day?' asked her husband, returning from the city.

'I was directed to a flower girl, and I felt I must follow her. She has an afflicted sister. They once lived in the north of London; father and mother died, and I fear from intemperance.'

'Sounds like an answer to my prayer, wife. You remember my old friend who gave way to drink, and how I tried again and again to save him; he used to live in the north.'

'I quite forget his name if I ever heard it,' she said.

'Wylde, that's the name, and I have prayed for his children.'

'Jessie Wylde is the name of the flower girl: I asked for some one to bless and help to-day, and she seemed to be the one.'

'I firmly believe if Christians ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do," each day, the Lord will show an opportunity for loving service. I always find it so, and I have asked Him about Wylde and the children, and He has put the answer into your hands,' said the husband.

The next day, having asked guidance for the day, the busy man started for his work, and his wife, after attending to the claims of home, went to visit the two girls. She found Madge quite ready to welcome her. 'It's long and lonely here,' she said, 'and Jess may be late to-day; she was glad you came, she said, for it put new hope into her,' and an hour passed quickly as the weary girl listened to the story of Christ's love.

'I will come again, and see your Jessie soon,' said Mrs. Maxwell.

As she walked along the crowded street there was a block at one part, and she saw something had happened. Her way lay through that very path, and threading through the eager group she came to the cause. A young woman had fallen; the face was turned toward her, and without mistake she saw it was that of Jessie Wylde, the flower-girl. That evening Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were both in the room with poor, terrified Madge, shielding her from much of the bitterness of the sudden blast of sorrow.

'Heart disease,' had been the verdict, and Jessie lay calm and still, and no one knew what the 'new hope' had wrought within.

Soon after Madge was cared for in the home of those Christian friends, and Jessie laid to rest with flowers in her hand.

'Do all Christians ask for some one to help and bless every day?' asked Madge once of her gentle benefactor. Would it were so! —'The Christian.'

PRAYER AND BUTTON-HOLES.

'Buttonhole-woman! Buttonhole woman!' piped a boy's young voice up an old East End staircase. He wanted a person whose business it was to make both ends meet in a twofold sense; she made holes to meet buttons, and with the profits kept herself and her mother.

She was a widow, but a lover of Jesus and a regular attendant at Miss Macpherson's meetings; indeed, that lady, when telling me the story, spoke of this buttonhole-woman as one of 'her widows.'

Just on that particular day she was not making buttonholes, for the simple reason that she had not any to make. This had been her trouble for some days, and no work meant no money, and no money meant no bread.

But God cares for widows! had He not said in their precious Bible, 'Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto Me, I will surely hear their cry.'

'Mother,' said the buttonhole-woman, 'suppose we kneel and tell the Lord our need, and ask Him to send work.'

The mother agreed, and with empty stomachs, empty plates, and empty cupboard, they sought the promised help. Had not the Husband of the widow said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me?' And had they not in that humble room the precept and promise, 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.'

But did such promiscs apply to buttonholes? The buttonhole-woman thought so. She thus interpreted 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.'

In simplicity they told the Father, and hardly had they done so before the boy referred to in the first line called, 'Buttonhole-woman! Buttonhole-woman!'

Looking over the old banisters, the buttonhole-woman responded with "What do you want?'

'Please, mum, Mrs. Smith is took ill, and she has got this dozen waistcoats to do; and as she can't do 'em, she sent 'em round here, and this is the money.'

Wonderful! No, not wonderful, only according to the true Book, which says, 'I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.'

Going back into their room, and shutting the door, the daughter said, 'Mother, let us thank God for it before we spend it.'

The other buttonhole-woman kept ill; so the widow had many more waistcoats, and was able to use, with a slight alteration, Psa. xxxiv., 6: 'This poor woman cried, and the Lord heard her, and saved her out of all her troubles.' May we not add verse 9? 'O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him.'

Let the story of the buttonhole-woman encourage us to take every need to the Lord. 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.' 'And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.'—'Word and Work.'

SKEPTICISM.

Last eve I stood before a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring in vesper chime,
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

'How many anvils have you had,' said I,
'To wear and batter all those hammers so?'
'Just one,' he answered, then with twinkling eye,
'The anvil wears the hammer out, you know.'

And so the Bible, anvil of God's word,
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
And tho' the noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unworn, the hammer gone.

Apprentice blows of ignorance, forsooth,
May awe with sound, and blinding sparks be whirled;
The Master holds and turns the iron—truth,
And shapes it as He wills, to bless the world.

—Omaha 'World-Herald.'

Boys and Girls.

CHARLES LINNAEUS, THE BOTANIST.

'And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
Thy father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."'
—Longfellow.

Pastor Linné's garden was the most beautiful spot in the little Swedish village of Rashult. It was planted for profit, for the pastor was poor, and was glad to make a little money with his potatoes, and peas, and currant bushes: these plants were pretty enough, but among them grew a wealth of flowers—roses, honeysuckles, tall lilies and shy pansies and many more, blooming as flowers can bloom when tended by one who loves them.

The pastor came pacing down the gravel-walk in his black suit, with cambric ruff at the throat and frills at the wrists. He paused here and there to lift the heavy head of a carnation, or bend back the bough of a rose-tree, looking almost as lovingly upon them as upon the little eight-year-old son who was working diligently in one of the beds.

A heap of plants lay beside the boy, evidently just brought in from the fields; his face was flushed with his efforts, he could hardly stop to look up as his father came near.

'Oh, father!' he cried, 'I am so glad you have come! I have found a new sort of hare-bell—not the large kind that grows everywhere. See! And this is a—what do you think this is, father?'

The pastor took the plant and looked gravely at it.

'A weed, my son,' he said, 'a hurtful and useless weed,' and he threw the root over the garden hedge into a wet ditch beyond.

'Oh, father, father!' cried the boy, 'how could you throw it away? I must find out its name.' And he was off like a flash of lightning to look for his treasure.

Pastor Linné walked away to visit his bees. By the time Charles had returned, breathless but triumphant, and clasping the rescued plant tightly in his muddy little hands, his father had made a tour of the garden, and came back with a graver face.

'Charles,' he said, 'how comes it that there is a wasp's nest in the apple-tree close to my bees?'

Charles hung his head, and blushed scarlet.

'I wanted to be able to watch them,' he said.

'And you did not trouble yourself to remember that they would do mischief, and fight with my bees? Have you forgotten how you once brought wild bees into the garden?'

'I am sorry, father.'

And because you chose to grow thistles and weeds in the pretty little garden I gave you on your birthday, weeds of all kinds are springing in my beds.'

'I rooted them out when you told me, father.'

'Ah, yes, my Charles, you did. But weeds are like sins—they may be taken away, but they leave their traces.'

'Father,' asked the little boy, 'why is it that some plants are only weeds? Did not the good God make them all?'

'Certainly, my son,' answered the pastor; 'but there is a place for everything, as Solomon tells us there is a time for everything. And now it is time for your Latin lesson. Are your exercises ready?'

'I am afraid I did not do them all, father.'

'And why not? But you need not tell me. When I went into my study I found sheets of dried flowers among your exercise books. Oh, Charles! Charles! how can you ever hope to be a worthy pastor when you neglect your studies, and waste your time in this way?'

'You love flowers, too, father,' said Charles.

'Yes, I love them well. But to me they are a pleasure to be enjoyed after work. I mean you to be a pastor like myself, and to that end you must work diligently at your books.'

'Oh, father, dear!' said Charles eagerly, 'the book of nature is the book I love! Let me study that and learn it by heart!'

'Let you be an idler and a ne'er-do-weel, in fact,' said the pastor, turning towards the house. 'Now come in at once and let me see you make up for lost time. Do not let me have cause to be sorry that I have allowed you to have a garden of your own.'

Charles went in and paid what attention he could to his Latin. But if his body was not free to wander through fields and woods his heart was there, and it was with a great sigh of relief that at last he shut his books, and, without waiting for any supper, snatched up his cap and rushed out. It would be light till nearly ten—long, happy, summer twilight!

Pastor Linné, or Linnaeus (for he gave his name a Latin form, as was the custom of the time), sent his son Charles to school at ten years old.

'Be diligent, my son,' whispered his mother, as she tied his warm fur cap; 'be diligent, for you know my heart is set on seeing you a pastor, like your father.'

But Charles's own heart was set upon the study of nature, and he found it hard to attend to his lessons in Hebrew and theology. After some months Pastor Linnaeus drove to Wexicoë.

'Oh, Linné!' said some of the boys, who were playing when he arrived; 'he is not here, he is rambling as usual. He never works properly nor plays properly.'

'Indeed!' said the pastor; 'how does he spend his time?'

'Always messing with plants and beetles,' said the boys. 'What he sees in the wretched weeds no one knows, but the place is filled with them, and often he is an hour late, or even misses school altogether.'

The pastor was sadly vexed. He saw his son, and spoke very seriously to him. Charles promised to amend, and for seven years his father kept him at the grammar school.

Then he went on to the college in the same town, but he was found to be sadly backward in the studies necessary for a

THE PASTOR TOOK THE PLANT.

clergyman. Nor did he make much progress now.

'My very name is taken from the great linden-tree that grew near the home of my fathers,' he said; 'nature has made me her slave, I must serve her!'

He begged to be allowed to become a botanist. But such a profession was unheard of. Finally his teachers sent home such an unsatisfactory report that Pastor Linnaeus sent and desired his son to return home at once.

So Charles Linnaeus came back to the old parsonage. It was summer; the roses were in full bloom, the butterflies hovered over them. They were free to live among the flowers, thought Charles, sadly, as he paused for a moment before entering the house. At the window of the living room stood his little brother Samuel, then seven years old, his face pressed against the pane.

'Why were you so sad?' the elder brother asked after the first greetings.

'Because mother will not let me run in the garden nor gather the flowers,' said the child; 'she is afraid I shall become idle like you, and she wishes me to be a pastor since you will not, Charles.'

Idle! The hot tears sprang into Charles's eyes. He thought of the many mornings when he had risen before dawn to seek new kinds of plants, of the many nights when he had sat up till the grey dawn stole in at his little window. He implored his father to let him be a botanist.

'No,' said the pastor; 'the thing is absurd—impossible! I have not money to keep you while you spend your life on a mere hobby. The Apostle St. Paul has well said that if a man will not work he shall not eat. You would not work with your brains, you must work with your hands. I shall bind you apprentice to a shoemaker.'

'Father,' said Charles, 'I have often heard you say that a man's work should be that for which he is most fit.'

'A man's work, yes. Real work, for the glory of God and the profit of men.'

'To discover herbs, useful in medicine, is surely for the profit of men! and a life spent in studying the works of God is at least as much for His glory as that of a soldier or a merchant,' pleaded Charles.

But the father was not to be moved; he thought this passion for plants a mere fancy, a hobby, and he resolved that his son should become a shoemaker.

But a friend in need came to young Linnaeus. This was Dr. Rothmann, a successful physician at Wexicoë, and a man of learning. He interceded for Charles, wrote to his father praising the boy's genius for botany and medicine, and finally offered to take him into his own house, and let him want for nothing while he continued the studies for which Providence seemed specially to have designed him.

'What is to be, will be,' said Pastor Linnaeus, as he reluctantly gave his consent. But both he and his wife were sadly disappointed that their eldest son would not follow his father's steps.

It was summer again in the little parsonage of Rashult. Some forty years had come and gone, but the old-fashioned garden was just the same as ever, perhaps even more full of flowers. Two old men were pacing the walks in earnest conversation. One wore the dress of a pastor, the other was carelessly clothed, and walked with a stoop, caused by the long habit of looking at the ground and all that grew upon it. His face was genial and pleasant, his keen brown eyes gleamed under his curled and powdered wig.

'Yes, Charles,' said the pastor, 'you have become a great man. Your name is known all over the world, while I—'

'While you gave our old father the great happiness of seeing you a pastor. And you, too, have loved nature. Have you not earned by your writings the name of the Bee King?'

'Ah, well!' said the pastor; 'I had five talents, you had ten. At least you have worked hard for your success.'

'Yes, I have worked hard,' said Charles Linnaeus. 'Did not my kind friend Kilian Stobaeus, when I was studying at Upsala, think I spent my nights in dissipation, till he came in once, long after midnight, to see I was not amusing myself with the living, but studying the works of the great departed?'

'And your travels?' said the pastor.

'Ah, that first journey in Lapland, shall I ever forget it? Reindeer milk and fladbrod, meal cakes as thin as blotting-paper, scrambles in the cold, scarcely money enough for the barest needs! Ask my followers if they find nature's service an easy one. Several of those who have travelled for me in far countries have lost their lives by exposure and accidents of all sorts. I, myself, all but died of a snake-bite once.'

'You have had some luck now and then,' said the pastor. 'That cough of our Queen's, cured by your lozenges.'

'But the lozenges were the result of study—long and diligent study. Yes, I am never tired of saying it, Providence has led me through strange paths. When first I proclaimed to the world my great discovery, that flowers are propagated by seed-vessels contained in the pistils and stamens that stand up in their centres, I had many opponents. But the world sees now that I was right, and plants are arranged in species according to the number of these. Fresh varieties and sorts, fresh uses of plants I have found. Yes, I have done much, and now that my life is drawing to a close I love to think that in heaven, the garden of God, I shall find flowers.'

Linnaeus died in 1778, aged seventy-one, having, as he truly said, earned his great name by the ceaseless labor of a lifetime, and steady devotion to the noble work to which he had aspired from his earliest years.
—Louisa F. Field, in 'Sunday Reading.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

WILLOW CAMP.

BY R. HOPKIN, MONTREAL.

At the head of one of the great Canadian lakes is a narrow strip of sand varying in width from fifty to one hundred yards and between two and three miles long. This strip of sand separates the waters of the lake from those of a beautiful land-locked bay, and stretches from one shore of the lake to the other. Away at the western end of the bay, on its southern shore, stands the city of Hillton, with its fifty thousand inhabitants or more, to whom this narrow isthmus is known as the 'Sands.' Here in the summer time come the hot, weary, toiling ones from the city to catch a breath of God's pure air as it blows, fresh and cool, across the broad, blue bosom of the lake, or to plunge beneath its foam-capped flood and wash toil's stains away.

A traveller along the 'Sands' one hot July afternoon a year ago might have noticed four young men busily engaged in 'pitching' their tent beneath the spreading branches of a large willow, and not far from the water's edge. Thomas Miller, Robert Brown, Arthur Wilson and Frank Morris were four young mechanics from the city of Hillton, who intended spending a two weeks' vacation in 'camping out' on the 'Sands.'

The day was drawing to a close, when the finishing touches in the arranging of the camp were completed. And the campers, hot and tired with the day's exertions, threw themselves down on the sand to rest, and to talk over the experiences of the past day and expectations of the future. Away to the west the sun was sinking behind the hills that overlooked the bay, painting its waters, as no human artist could paint them, in colors of fire and gold. To the east, stretching away to where sky and water met, was the broad surface of the lake. A short distance out from the shore was a small schooner, evidently endeavoring to 'make' the canal, which is cut through the 'Sands,' uniting the waters of the lake with those of the bay.

As the wind was from the west, and the schooner was sailing in that direction, it was necessary for her to tack back and forth in order to reach her destination.

The young men on the sand were discussing the likelihood of her 'making' it in the stretch she was then sailing on, when Arthur Wilson offered to bet ten cents that she would. 'Just to make it interesting, boys,' said he.

'I'll take you!' said two of the boys at once.

'Hold on,' said Tom Miller, 'I'm down on this betting business. It's all wrong, and you know it.'

'Oh, come now, Tom,' said Arthur, 'what's the use of you talking like that! What harm is there in a friendly bet?'

'I believe there's a great deal of harm,' said Tom. 'In the first place it's as bad as stealing. The one who wins takes, without giving anything in return, and the one who loses is just as bad, because he plays to win, and did he win would do just the same thing. And in the next place betting never ends with the friendly bet; the habit grows! The worst gambler in the country was once a friendly better.'

'You're right, Tom,' said Frank Morris. 'This betting business is bad, and the habit does grow, as I know from experience. I guess this bet's off, Arthur; I'm going to quit it.'

'All right,' said Arthur, as he put his money in his pocket again, 'you can do as you like, Frank, but I see no harm in it.'

By this time the schooner had 'made' the canal, and the campers could hear the shouts of the sailors as they made preparations to tow her through into the bay.

Darkness gathered o'er the scene. The camp fires along the shore, one after another went out; the laughter and merry shouts of the campers ceased, and soon on the 'Sands' all was still save the eternal murmuring of the waters as they ebbed and flowed over the pebbles on the shore.

Our four young men sat in silence for a time, when at length one of them suggested that they 'turn in,' a suggestion which was soon put into effect.

In a little while all were ready for bed but Tom Miller, who sat still on a camp stool, his face buried in his hands.

'What's the matter, Tom?' said Robert Brown, 'ain't you coming to bed?'

'Well, to be honest, Rob,' said Tom, 'I'm a coward. You see, I belong to a Christian Endeavor Society. I'm an active member, and I've promised Christ that I'll pray to Him, and read my Bible every day. But just because I'm here in this tent with you boys, instead of in my room alone, I'm ashamed to keep my promise. But I will keep it,' and as Tom said this he drew from his pocket a small edition of the Bible. 'If you don't mind,' said he, 'I'll read aloud.'

No objection being offered, in a natural,

manly voice he read the fifteenth chapter of John:—'I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman.' After which he knelt in silent prayer; and although Tom knew it not, more than one of his companions united with him.

Next morning Willow Camp (for that was the name the boys had given it), was up with the sun. And, oh! what a glorious morning it was; so peaceful, so still! But as the sun rose higher in the sky a light wind began to blow, the leaves on the trees stirred, the birds sang, the fishing boats out on the lake spread their white sails to the breath of the morning; sounds of life and activity arose from everywhere.

And as Tom Miller stood bareheaded by the water's edge, seeing and hearing these sights and sounds, the thought arose within him that as the sun of nature stirred to life and action the natural world upon which it shone, so the 'Sun of Righteousness' shining in upon one's soul stirs it to life and to actions that are good and true and noble.

A plunge in the lake, a hearty, wholesome breakfast, and the boys of 'Willow Camp' were ready for the pleasures of the day.

The morning was spent in fishing, and great luck these four fishers had, landing some excellent specimens of the finny tribe, chiefly speckled bass.

A rowing regatta was to be held on the lake that afternoon, starting from a point on the 'Sands,' about a mile south of 'Willow Camp.'

The races were to start at three o'clock, and half an hour before that time found our four campers walking briskly along the 'Sands' in the direction of the starting point in order to witness the races. They found an immense crowd of people already assembled. The oarsmen that were to participate in the first race (an amateur single scull) were paddling up and down the course awaiting the call of the starter.

The crowd on the shore were pushing and jostling one another in order to secure a good position from which to view the start. Nearly all had their favorites in the race, and as these came within ear-shot they would be greeted with a cheer or a shout of encouragement.

Back a short distance from the crowd were a number of gamblers who were shouting and betting on the results of the races.

Suddenly the crowd become quiet. The oarsmen are drawn up in line. The crack of a pistol is heard, and a shout. 'They're off!' goes up from a thousand throats. Then followed a mad rush of eager-eyed, excited spectators along the 'Sands,' shouting and yelling to the rowers as they ran, who are pulling with might and main; bending forward and backward with a machine-like motion, and straining every muscle to forge their light crafts to the front. After running some distance with the crowd Tom Miller stopped and looked around for his companions, and presently he spotted Frank Morris and Rob. Brown.

'Halloa, boys!' said he, 'where's Arthur?'

'I don't know,' said Frank. 'The last I saw of him was just as the race started, and we all began to run with the crowd. Suddenly he stopped, and when I looked round to see what was up I saw him running off in the direction of those fellows that were doing all the betting.

'Say, boys!' said Tom, 'I do hope he isn't going to bet on the races; he seems to have a failing for that kind of thing. You remember what happened last night. Supposing we sit down and wait till the boats come back, and in the meantime Arthur may turn up, and then we can all follow the race up to the finish.'

This the three young men accordingly did. But Arthur never put in an appearance, nor could they find him again all that afternoon.

The races were over, and the long summer's day was drawing to a close, when Tom Miller proposed to his two companions that they again return to camp.

Arthur was not with them, but Tom suggested that perhaps he had gone home befor them.

By the time the boys reached camp the sun had sunk behind the western hills. The bright electric lights of the distant city were casting their reflections on the still bosom of the bay. While floating softly over the water came the words of a familiar song sung by some singer in his boat, who was all unconscious of the trio who stood listening on the 'Sands.'

'Willow Camp' was just as the boys had left it. Arthur Wilson was not there. The boys were puzzled; they scarcely knew what to do. At length Frank Morris suggested that Arthur had met with some of his city friends and had gone off somewhere with them, and would likely turn up all right later on.

So Tom and Rob and Frank stretched themselves out on the sand before their tent and began to recount the incidents of the day. Time wore on, yet Arthur did not come. The boys were beginning to feel uneasy, although none of them said so.

'Hark! what was that?' said Tom. 'I thought I heard some call for help.' They listened, but the cry Tom thought he heard was not repeated.

However, he felt sure that he had heard a voice, and insisted that they should search in the direction from whence it came.

They accordingly set out, Tom bearing a lantern, for the night was dark. They had not gone far when the lantern's rays fell upon the form of a human being.

A closer look revealed the fact that it was Arthur Wilson. He was stretched out upon his back, apparently lifeless, the blood oozing from a deep cut on his forehead.

'Water, quick,' said Tom. Rob and Frank immediately dipped their handkerchiefs in the lake, and with these Tom soon had the blood washed from Arthur's face. In a little while he opened his eyes, and seeing the boys bending over him he asked what it all meant.

'Oh, never mind,' said Tom, 'we'll explain it all when we get you back to the tent.'

'Here, boys, give him a lift up on to my back!' This they did, and soon all reached the camp.

When Arthur was sufficiently recovered, the boys explained to him how they had found him, reminding him also of the incidents of the afternoon and how they had lost sight of him just as the first boat race commenced.

At the mention of the boat race a look of intense agony came over Arthur's face, and throwing himself down at full length he exclaimed, 'Oh, what a wretch I am!'

He then recounted the events of the past few hours. How that when the race started, and he heard the men betting on the result, he became infatuated with the desire to risk some money on it too; how he had risked and won, and risked and won again, becoming so intensely absorbed in his gambling that he forgot all about his companions, all about the races even, excepting just to ascertain the names of the winners and losers of each race; how when night came on, and the excitement had died away, he had looked around for his companions, and not finding them concluded that they had gone on to the camp without him, and so he started along the lake shore in the direction of the tent alone. And just when he had reached the spot where the boys had found him two men from whom he had won some money in the afternoon rushed from the darkness and, seizing hold of him, demanded their money back again. This he refused to give, when one of them struck him a blow with a sharp stick, inflicting the wound upon his forehead.

This was all he remembered, but, putting his hands in his pockets as he spoke, he made the discovery that he had been robbed of all the money he had.

'Well, Arthur,' said Tom, 'I'm sorry for you, but to be honest with you, I think you were every bit as bad as the men who robbed you. You took their money from them and gave them nothing in return. They in turn took your money from you (using a little more force, of course), and gave you nothing in return—excepting a cut on the head.'

'Say, Tom,' said Arthur, 'I never saw it in that light before. Yes, I was a thief to take those chaps' money to-day. But I promise you I'll never bet again; no, never, as long as I live. Say, Tom, you might read that passage in your Bible to-night where it says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."'

Tom drew from his pocket his Bible and stood up as he had done the night before, and read aloud, this time at the request of all the boys, the beautiful words of the sixth chapter of Matthew.

When he finished reading all by common consent knelt in silent prayer.

And the days which followed this eventful night in the history of 'Willow Camp' were the brightest and most enjoyable that ever any campers experienced.

WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Fredrica could play well on the harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyment that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: 'Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing and the sound of the river as it flows like music.' So they went. As they were sitting in a shadow of a tree the boy said thoughtfully: 'Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray.'

Fredrica asked wonderingly: 'What shall we pray for?'

'Why, for papa and mamma,' said her brother. 'You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us.'

'Yes,' said Fredrica, 'we will.'

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

'But how can we help papa and mamma?' asked Fredrica.

'Why, don't you know?' replied Wolfgang. 'My soul is full of music, and by-and-by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy.'

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy,

who did not know that any one was near them. Turning he saw a fine gentleman who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him: 'Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor.'

'He may do that when he has learned to play well enough,' replied the stranger.

Fredrica answered, 'He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces.'

'That cannot be,' replied the gentleman.

'Come to see us,' said the boy, 'and I will play for you.'

'I will go this evening,' answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Russia.

Not long after the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Christian as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

'I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servants. By the fulfilment of His will mine is satisfied.'

The simple, trusting faith of the young musican was remarkable, and it teaches old and young a lesson.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

A VILLAGE BELLE.

BY CARROLL KING.

Brightly shone the sun on the glowing June day on which pretty Mysie Lockhart was married. She was the belle of the village, and her uncle was the village blacksmith. In his house she was married, for pretty Mysie was an orphan, and the blacksmith and his good wife had been father and mother to her. Mysie had gone to the great city a year and a half before this bright June day; she had engaged herself as nursery governess to three wild, romping little children, whom she soon reduced to order and obedience, for Mysie was a bright, resolute, spirited girl, with a native talent for managing people, and setting the world in general to rights as far as she could.

In the city she met a young man—a good, earnest Christian worker—who was quite willing to be managed by pretty Mysie. They met in the church they mutually attended, and at its various organizations, Sabbath-school, Band of Hope, prayer-meeting, they learned to know each other well. There was nothing at all romantic about their wooing, except to them, and of course Aleck Campbell and Mysie both thought that all the concentrated bliss of the nineteenth century had been doubly distilled into their cup of bliss, which was running over on this lovely day of June. The ceremony was just over; the bridescake was being handed round in generous wedges, and, to Aleck's horrcr, a tray full of glasses followed with wine, whiskey, ginger beer and lemonade. He looked reproachfully at Mysie, for she had promised him that theirs would be emphatically a 'teetotaler's wedding'—then all but unknown in that part of the country, and very heartily despised, of course, by those who believed, as plenty do now, that a 'good creature of God' can make men act like devils. Mysie saw Aleck's reproachful look; she saw that he hated even to lift his innocent glass of lemonade from the neighborhood of the noxious whiskey glass, so she contrived to whisper: 'Don't make a fuss, Aleck! Uncle and aunt would not hear of our nonsense, as they called it! They said no one had ever seen the good stuff grudged in our house, and no one ever would.'

Aleck yielded; he could scarcely, as he said afterwards, preach a temperance sermon to the guests who had come to see him married, yet he felt sorely hurt at this shock to his principles on the day that ought to have been cloudless and serene. And when his health and that of his bonnie bride was drunk with Highland honors, and clinking of glasses, and shouting, he had to respond to the wassail, feeling to the core of his heart that he was in a false position, yet lacking the moral courage to tell the kind well-wishers how he deplored their customs and usages, no matter how anciently established.

So another sweet little Christian home was founded in our great commercial metropolis, and for a number of years Aleck Campbell and his young wife had only the 'griefs of God's sending, which soon have an ending.' One little girl-baby was born to them, and died before she was a month old. At all special times it was a surprise and even a deep grief to Aleck that Mysie should show the laxity of her up-bringing with regard to total abstinence from intoxicants; that which to him was a deeply-rooted Christian principle, to her was only an idea, a notion, to be overborne on special occasions by custom, which to her was insurmountable. At the babe's christening, and then at the sad little funeral, Mysie produced a bottle of old port wine, as a matter of course, avoiding Aleck's appealing glances. She had a strong will, and a managing manner that made it not a very easy thing to oppose her; and she never lost her calmness of temper, which gave her a decided advantage over Aleck, who was quick and nervous in disposition. A few years sped away, then, just when Aleck was getting on so well that he hoped to be taken into partnership with his employers, a firm of building contractors, that awful winter came which will always be known in Glasgow as 'the year of the City Bank failure.' He—Aleck—in company with many others, was thrown out of employment, and the deep prolonged distress of that sorrowful time made raking inroads on the hoards of thrifty people. It was some months after, when they began to feel the pinch, and to dread the future, that the undermining of Aleck's temperance principles began. The first work that offered itself to his eager, energetic soul was the building of a colossal distillery. He was asked to become 'inspector of works,' and see every part rightly fitted and prepared for—the work of Satan, as his inmost soul declared! He hesitated long, and was on the point of refusing, but Mysie heard of it, and sharply reprimanded him for even a thought of refusal! Then began the series of arguments, discussions, excuses, which ought of themselves to warn Christians that they are tampering with conscience in touching that which must be apologized for. Aleck said:

'If I know a thing is to be put to bad uses, how dare I lift a hand to help it on?'

Mysie's reply was, smartly:

'Your work on it can be perfect, and can be done unto the Lord! What have you to do with the uses to which it will be put? You are told to provide honestly for your household; there's the work placed before you, and if you do not work, you certainly do not deserve to eat.'

'But, wife, this work may not be of the Lord's sending,' said Aleck deprecatingly.

'Well, there's no other work offering itself except that miserable place you are in as supernumerary,' said Mysie impatiently.

'Well, dear Mysie, perhaps the Lord would rather have us plod along in a poor way, with our eighteen shillings a week than take two pounds ten a week to build a distillery?' said Aleck humbly. 'You see, if we cannot square up our laws for the next world to getting on in this, we must be content to stay poor!'

But Mysie could not see the matter in this light at all; she quoted Solomon's wise saying, on which she put a singular construction, 'Men do not despise a thief if he steal when he is hungry.' 'That meant,' she said, 'that a man can do, under pressure, what he might not approve of doing at another time!'

She prevailed—Mysie always did—and then began Aleck Campbell's downward career. Not even Mysie ever found out when, where, or how he began to taste drink; all she knew was that he had fallen into such different company from what he had been all his life accustomed to choose, that he did not seem like the same man. He brought a different moral atmosphere into his home. He had found out that the same rich tenor that had sung in church choir and Band of Hope could also roll out a rollicking chorus in praise of the 'good old whiskey—drink it down! drink it down!' It did not happen all at once, this awful change, but it came quickly enough to frighten Mysie, and make her wish with passionate fervor that she had been willing to remain poor and lowly, to be content with her little room and kitchen home, managing frugally her eighteen shillings a week, instead of 'getting on' in this world's headlong race for mere money and show.

Aleck was a clever man, with a clear, inventive brain; he was soon of incalculable value to his new employers, and they did not grudge him his price. He was able to present Mysie with a handsome gold watch, and a rich silk dress, from the very generous honorarium they had bestowed on him, over and above his pay. His work never failed or ran out now; he was making money fast, and had a good balance at his banker's. Poor Mysie! Her talent for managing did not avail her here! Yet, some years after she made one desperate effort.

Her aged uncle and aunt, who had been father and mother to her, died, leaving her some five or six acres of good land, and a neat, modest house, well furnished. She 'managed' Aleck away from the city and his boon associates to the pure, beautiful surroundings of her native village, still nestling among its green hills as quietly as on that far-away happy day when she and Aleck had been married. She got him busily and happily engaged for a time in making various additions to their new home—he built a pretty wing to the cottage, so that they could let their house to tourists in summer, and still have a pleasant and convenient shelter for themselves. He seemed for a long time to be really the old happy,

steady, winsome Aleck of her brightest days; but again and again the demon that had taken possession of him, body and soul, broke loose from all restraining influences, and he would disappear for many weeks, to return a miserable, haggard man, with blue lips, clammy cheeks, and blood-shot eyes; a perpetual object-lesson to show what the 'good creature of God' can do for a man devoted to it! Only a few months ago the end came to one chapter of this true, sad story. Poor Mysie—once the village belle, afterwards the neat, happy, smiling housewife, then, of late years, the sad and anxious woman—was found dead in her bed; she had passed away peacefully in her sleep, but, alas, alone, uncared for. He who ought to have been by the side and watched her parting breath, was away, none could tell where! She had died of heart disease, and, mercifully, had suffered no physical pain. Even at her funeral, he who ought to have been chief mourner was wanting—his place empty, or filled only by sad and sympathizing neighbors, who had known her as a child, and as a bonnie bride, when life seemed fair as a flower garden to her husband and herself!

And now! Well—no one knows what the end will be. If Mysie made mistakes, she at least recognized them as such, and prayed in the later years of her life that they might be undone and forgiven, and God who hears and answers prayer may yet bring the poor, erring prodigal back from the swine's husks to his Father's house. What an awakening will that be for him! For—let his faults be what they might, he had always been fond and proud of Mysie! God grant that he may see his error soon, and return to Him who will abundantly pardon, and who can save His own even 'as by fire.'—Scottish Temperance League Monthly Pictorial Tract.

LIZZIE'S REWARD.

'I say, Lizzie Gresham, why didn't you come down to the Green last night? It was rare fun, I tell you.'

Lizzie hesitated. 'I was busy, Mary,' she said.

'Where did you get that?' exclaimed her companion, pointing to a neat silver brooch, bearing the letters 'C. E.,' at Lizzie's throat.

'Now's my opportunity,' thought Lizzie; aloud she said, 'I got it last night at the Christian Endeavor meeting. I've joined, you know, and promised to—to work for Jesus.'

She ended rather hurriedly; Mary was beginning to laugh.

'Humph! Religious, I see,' she said. Then a bright thought struck her. 'I say, Liz,' she exclaimed, 'Saturday's a holiday at the factory, and mother has made me promise to take her place in the market. It's too bad; for the minute I had said "yes," I heard the others were going down the canal for a spree. I wish, as you've got so holy, you'd go to market for me. Mother would not mind you.'

Lizzie flushed. Of course, like Mary James, she, too, wanted to enjoy her holiday, and she hated going to sell in the market quite as much as Mary. She had made no plans, but something pleasant was quite likely to turn up. She was just going to refuse when a verse she had read that morning in fulfilment of her Endeavor promise flashed into her mind. 'Even Christ pleased not Himself.'

Mary was hardly conscious that Lizzie had hesitated when she said, 'I'll go, Mary.'

The girls parted, and when Lizzie reached home a note was put into her hand. It was an invitation from the president of the Christian Endeavor Society for her to join an excursion down the canal on Saturday. Bitter tears filled Lizzie's eyes. It was too disappointing. It was raining now, but what did that matter? She would just run and tell Mary she could not keep her promise.

She hurried out, but as she passed through the busy streets her steps slackened. After all, was it right to break her promise to Mary for such a reason? Was it being like Jesus and working for Him? She remembered that Mary was going out with a wild set; if she had to go to market, she would be out of that mischief for once. Lizzie had almost persuaded herself that it would be a good work to prevent Mary joining that thinking more of my pleasure than of her mind again: 'Pleased not Himself.' 'I am thinking more of my pleasue than of her good, I do believe,' she murmured to herself, retracing her steps. 'I told her I wanted to work for Jesus, and she took me at my word. I won't repent it.'

Saturday came, and Mary and the Endeavorers joined their respective excursions, old Mrs. James spent the day with an old friend in the almshouse, and Lizize served in the market.

It would have been dull work enough but for the thought of Him she tried to serve, and she wondered once or twice whether it was the sort of work He liked, or whether her sacrifice had been vain.

The afternoon was closing in, and the rain falling fast, when she left the market, and she was watching the crowd, when a hand touched her shoulder.

'Lizzie!' said Mary's voice.

Lizzie turned quickly. 'Why, are you back?' she said brightly. 'What sort of day did you have? I was sorry to see the rain.'

'Oh! it was fun—but, Lizzie, did you know of that other excursion when I saw you the other night?'

'No,' said Lizzie slowly.

'Why didn't you say you wouldn't go to market afterwards, then?' persisted Mary. 'Lizzie, I knew about your excursion when I asked you—mean thing that I am—but if being a Christian Endeavorer means acting as you have done, I'll go to the meeting with you. I wish I were a Christian, that I do.'

She turned away abruptly, and Lizzie went home alone with a heart that sang.—'Our Darlings.'

THE AMENITIES OF DAILY LIFE.

I think one of the most common forms of incivility as seen in daily life is the failure to show interest in what people are saying to you. This lack of interest, excused on the score of preoccupation, or absence of mind, or inattention, throws an effectual chill on family or social intercourse, and acts as a wet blanket wherever it is found. The fact is that when people are together, they should be interested in each other's talk and each other's concerns. Letters, the morning paper, one's own thoughts and plans, should be put aside in the family, and whether in the sitting-room or at the table, a common life shared should make possible common conversation and polite intercourse.

I was a very little girl when my father gave me a rule for conduct which has never ceased to have with me the force of an obligation. 'Always look at the person who is speaking to you. Always look straight at the person to whom you are speaking.' The practice of this rule makes one a good listener, and a good listener is as essential to pleasure in conversation as a good raconteur.

The whole secret, or nearly the whole secret, of personal magnetism and popularity is in this habit of giving deferential attention to what is going on about you. Next to this comes, and it has a high place in family amenities, the keeping in the background your grievances.

Where people are sensitive, and the greater the scale of refinement the greater is apt to be the sensitiveness to others' moods and to praise or blame, it is inevitable that feelings will be hurt.

But my grievance, even if it be positive and well-grounded, is my personal affair, and must not be permitted to intrude upon the peace of the household. It is mine, and therefore it is my privilege to put it with other unpleasant things quite out of sight. No personal slight, no personal sorrow, no individual infirmity, should be allowed to cloud the general happiness.

Among the neglected amenities of life, one finds often the scarcely veiled indifference of the young to the old. Younger people are so full of vitality, so occupied, so rushed in these busy days with their engagements and their pleasures that they too frequently have scant consideration for their seniors. But age has its rights as well as its privileges, and it has a claim on the courtesy, the patience, and the respect of those who, however young they may be now, will, if they live long enough, in time be old themselves.

Among the needless brutalities of daily life is a habit of brusque and indiscreet candor. 'What a hideous bonnet you have; pray, where did you get it? You look like a fright!' I heard one sister say to another, and I felt most indignant. The bonnet may or may not have deserved the comment; that was a matter of preference, but the young woman capable of so rude a remark should have been made to wear a penitential sheet with holes for her eyes until she had learned better manners. 'You are looking very ill,' if repeated often enough, will make even a well person a temporary invalid, and, where disagreeable truths will do no good, and no principle is involved in their expression, it is best not to utter them. Silence is sometimes, not always, but often, golden.—'Aunt Marjorie,' in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

WHAT A PENNY DID.

A lady, who was a Sunday-school teacher, was engaged in filling up a box of things to be sent to a missionary in the interior of India. One Sunday morning she mentioned it to her class, and told them if they had anything they would like to put in the box, they might bring it to her house during the week, and she would put it in. One little girl in her class wanted very much to send something in the box, but all she had to give was a single penny. She knew that this would be of no use in India, as our money is not used there. She was at a loss for a while to know what to buy with her penny. At last she made up her mind to buy a tract. She did so, and prayed over it before it was sent. Then she took it to her teacher; it was put in the box, and the box was carried across the ocean. It reached the missionary to whom it was sent. The wife of that missionary had a young chief from the mountains of Burma attending at her school. She taught him to read, and when the time came for him to leave and go to his distant home, she gave him some books and tracts to take with him. Among these was the very tract which that little girl had bought with her penny and put in her teacher's box. The young chief read that tract. It caused him to see the folly of his heathenism, and led him to Jesus. He went back to his mountain home a changed man—a Christian. That little girl's tract had saved his soul. But that was not all. When he reached home he told the story of Jesus, which he had learned from that tract, to his friends. They listened to what he said. God blessed his words. More came and heard him speak. They gave up worshipping idols. A missionary was sent there. A church was built, a congregation was gathered into it, and fifteen hundred persons became Christians in that neighborhood.—'Gospel in All Lands.'

Little Folks.

DRESS IN THE FAR NORTH.

The mode of dress in the Arctic regions, says Lieutenant Peary, was much alike in both sexes, and consisted of a jacket, trousers and boots. These were made of the skin of the bear, seal, dog, or reindeer, and often a combination of all. Seal is the most frequently used, the others being less common.

The jacket covers the body from the waist up, and terminates in a hood which covers the head, but leaves a part of the face exposed. This jacket is made in the form of a single piece, and is put on by being brought down over the head; no buttons or other fastenings are used

except when mittens are worn, which are tied around at the wrists.

The hood fits closely to the side of the face, only leaving the latter exposed from the forehead to the chin.

The trousers reach from the waist to the calf of the leg, and have two openings a few inches long in the sides, which are closed by means of a cord.

The boots are always made double, the inner part being the skin of some long-haired animal, such as the bear or dog, with the fur turned inward, and the

outer of seal-skin with the hair removed. They are drawn up over the lower end of the trousers and bound firmly about the calf of the leg with leather thongs, thus making the costume water-tight up to the waist.

Underneath this outer suit there was worn by some an under-jacket, likewise extending to the waist, but without the hood. This was made of bird-skins sown

together, and worn with the feathers next to the skin. The jacket and trousers just about met at the waist; indeed, so slightly protected was this part of the body that in bending over the bare skin was frequently exposed.

The hands are protected by mittens made of dog-skin. These are not very long, but sufficiently so to go up under the end of the sleeves of the jacket, the point of meeting being made more secure by binding with a strip of skin.

The only difference in the costumes of the women and the men was in the jacket.

The hood of the women was made somewhat higher in order to accommodate their hair, and a few possessed, in addition, a pouch on the back in which the infants were placed and so carried around. Some of these pouches had an opening cut in them, so that the child could rest in contact with the bare skin of its mother, and in that way obtain additional warmth. The child, usually naked, is placed in the pouch and packed around with fur and feathers

When the mother desires to take the baby out, she stoops forward, bends her head well down, and gives her body a shake. This starts the infant from the pouch, and the mother, raising her hands over her shoulder, draws it forth.

The jacket and the hood being made in a single piece, are so rigid and fit so tightly that it is almost impossible to turn the head without moving the body. When it is desired to look in any particular direction, they turn around with a stiff, awkward movement until the object is brought within view.

The fur clothing being made of skins that are rather hard when cured and not perfectly pliable, prevents their moving with that freedom which is possible with other people. This gives to their movements a stiff and automatic character, which at first sight appears quite droll, and strongly reminds one of the actions of the puppets seen at shows given for the amusement of children. The small size of the Eskimo as compared with that of the average European also adds to the effect and tends to enhance the resemblance.'—'Children's Treasury.'

OBEYING ORDERS.

A farmer had a fine crop which he did not wish the huntsmen to ride over, and he hired a lad to keep the gates shut. The horsemen came along and told him to open the gate. He refused. They offered him money, and he would not take it. Then one of them said, 'My boy, I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open the gate.' The boy took off his cap, and said, 'I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut. No one can pass through without my master's permission.' The Duke raised his hat, and replied, 'Quite right, my lad; I honor the man or boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into wrong-doing.'—'Children's Friend.'

MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day;
Your mother thinks about you,
At school, or else at play.
She's busy in the kitchen,
Or she's busy up the stair,
But like a song her heart within,
Her love for you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,
She wishes you would do.
I'll whisper, 'tis a secret,
Now mind, I tell it you.
Twenty times a day, dear,
And more, I've heard you say:
"I'm coming in a minute,"
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant,
At the motion of command;
At once, as sailors seeing
The captain's warning hand.
You could make your mother happy
By minding in this way,
Twenty times a day, dear,
Twenty times a day.

M. E. Sangster in 'S. S. Chronicle.'

PRESSING FORWARD.

Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
If in Jesus trusting,
What hast thou to fear?

Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown!

'Everybody's Magazine.'

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

One swallow does not make a summer,
that is clear;
But within the house to find
One cheerful face and kind,
One temper always sweet,
One heart in love complete,
Makes a summer all the year.

'Everybody's Magazine.'

OUT OF THE PAST.

The hot sun of a July afternoon was bathing the fields in light, as Ned Ambrose, the farm lad, took up his pails and made his way to a shady corner of the big meadow, where his master's cows were milked.

There they stood—five beautiful creatures; and it was Ned's pride that they knew him as well as he did them.

Belle and Jess were milked first, and Ned was just taking up the pails when a voice said,—

'I say, Ned! give us a pint, there's a good fellow!" Ned looked round hastily, and met two bright eyes peeping through the hedge.

'Bill!' he ejaculated.

'Yes, it's me,' said Bill, pushing aside, but not coming through the hedge. 'I want some milk.'

Ned shook his head. 'I can't, Bill.'

'No one can see you,' said Bill, contemptuously. 'I mean to have it, Ned, so no nonsense. You used to do it.' Ned flushed to the roots of his hair.

'I know I did,' he said steadily, 'in my other place; but I'm a Christian now, and I won't.'

'You won't!' said Bill. 'Why here's a can; what's easier, and who'll miss it? No? Very well then, I'll go and tell your master that you used to do it. He'll believe me too!'

For one moment Ned hesitated. Then he lifted his pail resolutely and went on. Oh, that past wrong-doing! If he could but blot it out.

He went slowly back to the house, emptied his pails, and returned to Star and Beauty and Bess, and caught a glimpse of Bill's slouching figure standing at the farm-house door. Perhaps this would be the last time he would milk his friends, and a lump rose in his throat.

Meanwhile Bill was not having a pleasant time.

Farmer Drew fully believed him; he determined to dismiss Ned at once, for dishonesty was a sin he could not overlook, but he despised Bill from the bottom of his heart, and he gave the ne'er-do-well such a talking to as he would not soon forget. Then he sent for Ned.

'Ned!' he said sternly, 'I hear you have been in the habit of disposing of your master's milk in a dishonest manner. I do not require such a servant, and you need not return to your duties to-morrow. Have you anything to say?'

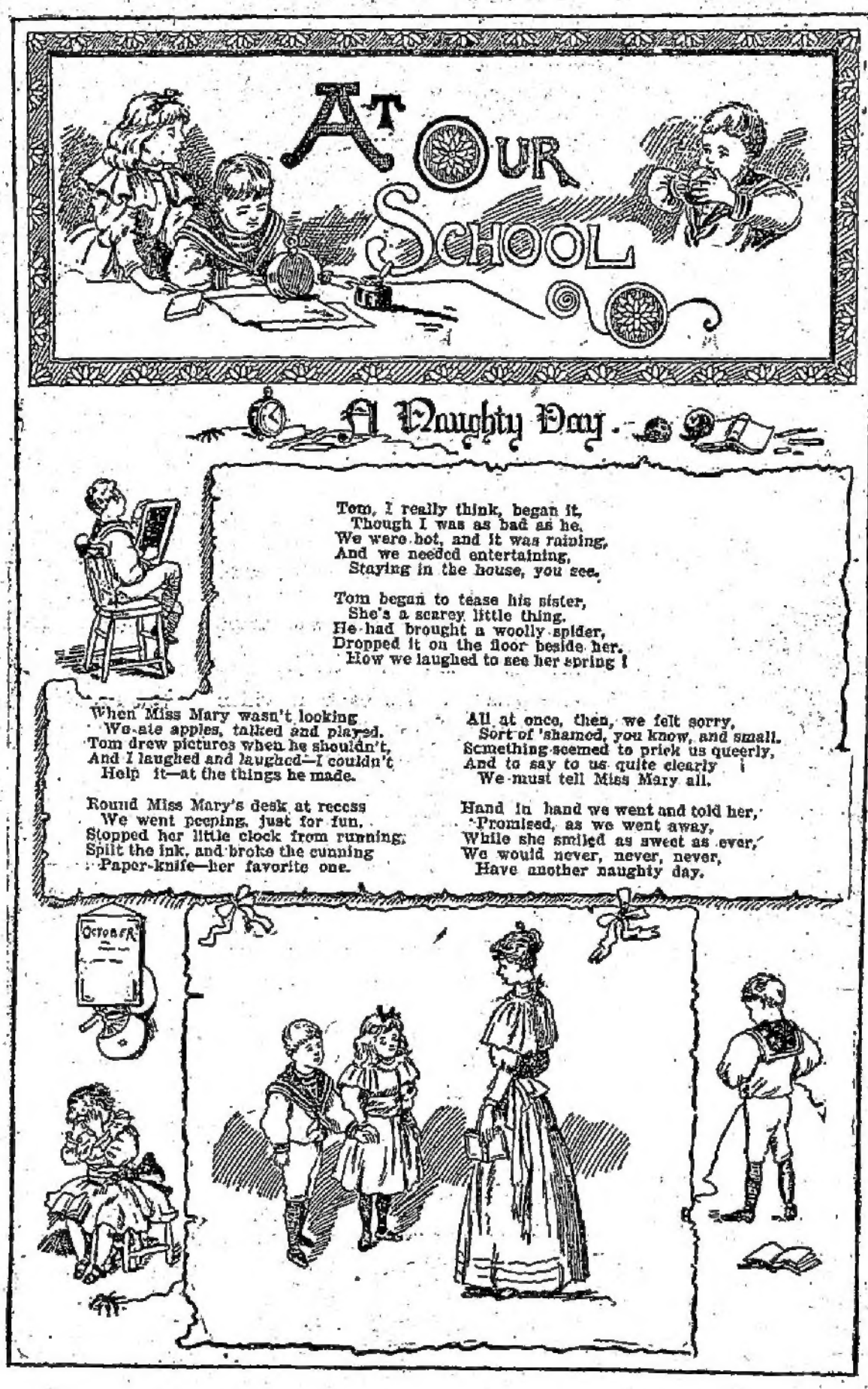
Ned's eyes had been on the floor, but at the last words he raised them fearlessly to the farmer's.

'I have never disposed of your milk so, sir,' he said; "but the accusation is true. I did it at Farmer Ashe's; but when I became a Christian, I told him about it, and he forgave me.'

'You believe you are a Christian now?'

'Yes, sir.'

Farmer Drew stepped forward and took his farm lad's hand. 'Thank God for that,' he said heartily; 'we will let bygones be bygones. We are both servants of the great Master.'—'Our Darlings.'


At Our School
A Naughty Day
Tom, I really think, began it,
Though I was as bad as he.
We were hot, and it was raining,
And we needed entertaining,
Staying in the house, you see.
Tom began to tease his sister,
She's a scarey little thing.
He had brought a woolly spider,
Dropped it on the floor beside her.
How we laughed to see her spring!
When Miss Mary wasn't looking
We ate apples, talked and played.
Tom drew pictures when he shouldn't,
And I laughed and laughed—I couldn't
Help it—at the things he made.
Round Miss Mary's desk at recess
We went peeping, just for fun.
Stopped her little clock from running;
Split the ink, and broke the cunning
Paper-knife—her favorite one.
All at once, then, we felt sorry,
Sort of 'shamed, you know, and small.
Something seemed to prick us queerly,
And to say to us quite clearly
We must tell Miss Mary all.
Hand in hand we went and told her,
Promised, as we went away,
While she smiled as sweet as ever,
We would never, never, never,
Have another naughty day.
OCTOBER

HE IS ABLE.

This is a description of what Jesus is able to do, and as what He is able He is always willing to do, we may quite happily take hold of this text as one of His promises. Do you remember the poor Israelites who cried out in despair at the difficulties before them, 'We be not able?' They were looking at their own strength, and, of course, they found out it was not sufficient for the enemy; but had they said, like the three Jews of old, 'Our God, whom we serve, is able,' they would have been quite sure of victory.'—'Sunday Friend.'

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE, BOYS?

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him, and said: 'I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you.' Then came an honoured judge and said: 'I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work.' Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: 'I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets?' This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day, who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as surely as if the rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once.

Which will you choose, boys?

There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of honourable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves.

Which will you choose?—'Adviser.'

CHILD FAITH

A little boy of two years old, awaking in terror one night from a dream of a dog, would not be quieted till at length his nurse bid him pray to have his fear taken away. Next evening, when going to bed, he remembered it and said, 'O Lord, keep away doggy!' Another time he awoke, saying there were beasts in the room, and was in great fear. The nurse said he should remember that God took care of him in the night. 'Yes,' he said, 'and I should be safe with Him though I were in a den of lions,' and so fell asleep again. —'Way Home.'

If you've a task to do,
Let me whisper then to you, Do it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day, Pay it.

TEMPERANCE

I WANT TO BE A WIDE-AWAKE.

Nellie Thompson was going along the street one morning with a very sad look on her face.

'What is the matter, Nellie?' asked her Sunday-school teacher, who met her unexpectedly.

'I am thinking very much,' replied Nellie, looking down on the pavement.

'I wonder if I can guess your thoughts. You have some trouble, do let me comfort you if I can.'

'Well, Miss Williamson, I cannot make it out. Father sits in his chair by the fire, and never takes the slightest notice of me when I speak to him.'

'Perhaps papa is tired, and does not feel inclined to talk.'

'No, miss, I believe it is the whiskey I smelt; I feel certain it is the alcohol which has made Father so sleepy and dull.'

'You have no doubt guessed the sad truth, my child. You seem to have learned at the Band of Hope some of the evil effects of alcohol on the body.'

'I know that I have been told that alcohol sends the nerves to sleep; so one reason why I will not drink it is that I want to keep wide-awake.'

'That is so. You have learned at school that all over the body are threads, which are called nerves. These carry messages to the brain, and they also enable the brain to send commands to various parts of the body.'

'Do you know, Miss Williamson, that our teacher told us the other day that before we could move a finger a message had to go along one nerve to the brain, and that the brain had to send another message back to the finger.'

'That is quite right. Now, alcohol upsets all this wonderful arrangement; it sends the brain to sleep, so that it cannot receive the message, and therefore cannot send back commands so that our wishes may be carried out.'

'Is that the reason why my father is so dull?' asked Nellie, sadly. 'How dreadful to think he does not know the voice of his own child!'

'That is just the reason. Alcohol has made its way into his brain, he cannot even hear you when you speak.'

Poor Nellie began to cry, for she could not bear the thought that her father should be called a drunkard. She shook hands with her teacher, and hurried away home. She determined she would use her good influences to make her father an abstainer, and for herself, she would never taste alcohol, for she wanted always to be wide-awake.—'Adviser.'

Never marry a man to mend him or reform him. If a man will not reform to please his sweetheart he will never do so to please his wife. I am the father of two little girls, but rather than see them live to marry men who drink, I would prefer to carry them out one of these bright spring days to Woodlawn or Kensico, and put them away to the last sleep, for close to those graves would parental love press the sweetened hope of meeting in gladness beyond the grave. But, alas for the woman whose soul falls the burden of a drunkard's wife—a burden that is a mountain, a ponderous world in its crushing heaviness to that woman's heart!—Rev. M. C. Peters, D.D., in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

SHUN IT.

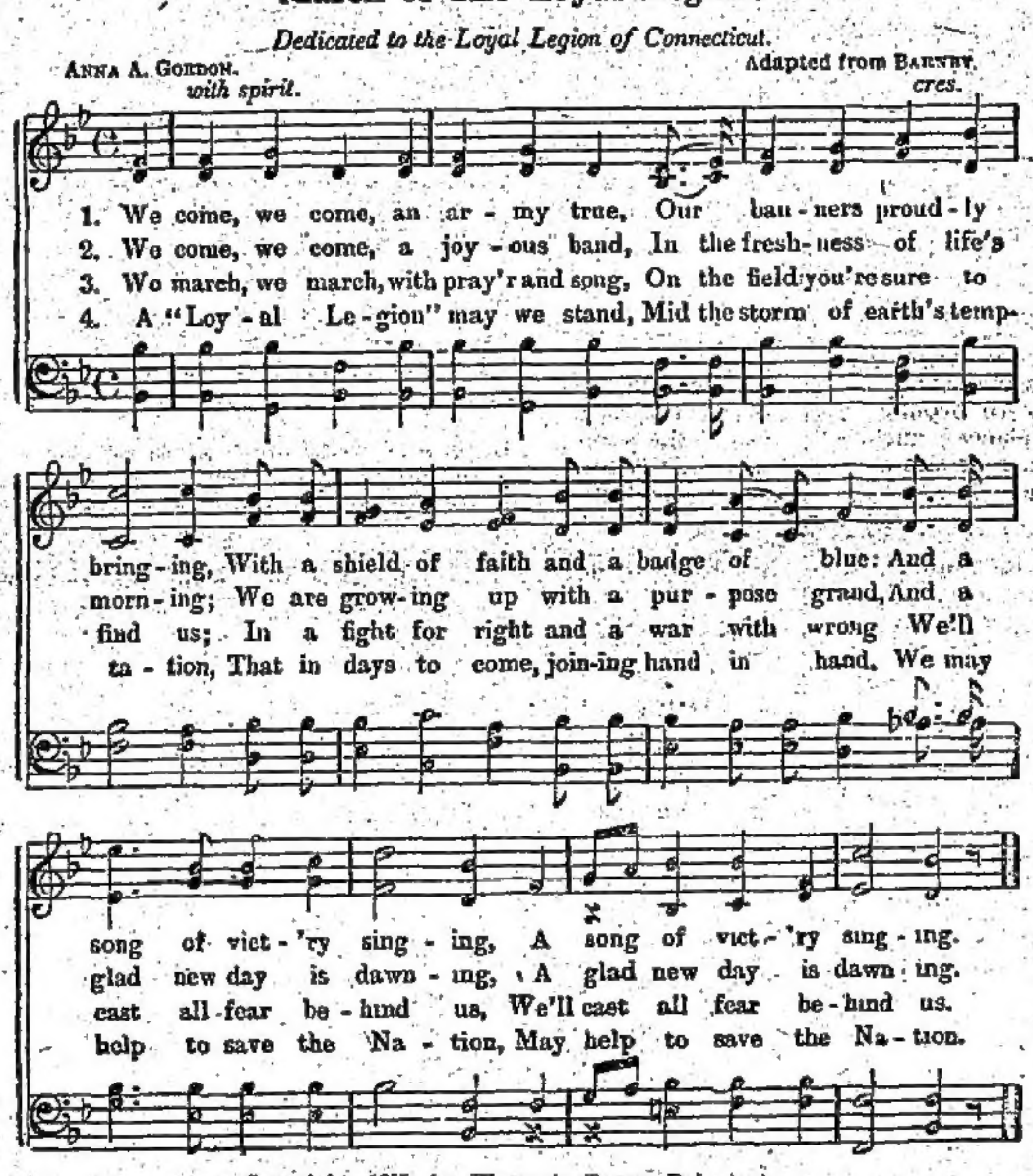
Mr. Ellis, in his 'History of Madagascar,' informs us that the natives of that island, to propitiate the crocodile, have converted him into a river-god, and that before crossing any of their rivers they are in the habit of praying to them thus: 'O Mr. Crocodile! I love you dearly; my father loved you dearly; and I will teach my children to love you dearly; only let me swim over this time, and don't bite me.' Now, alcohol is the crocodile god of the moderate drinker, and every time he sits down to the glass he might pray: 'O my alcohol! I love you dearly; my father loved you dearly; and I will teach my children to love you dearly; only let me drink you this time and don't beguile me.' Now, we fear that prayer in the use of the bottle will be about as unavailing as in the *face of a crocodile*. The only safe course is to shun the cup, and avoid the first glass.—'Temperance Advocate.'

March of The Loyal Legion.

Dedicated to the Loyal Legion of Connecticut.

ANNA A. GORDON. Adapted from BARNBY.

with spirit. *cres.*


1. We come, we come, an ar - my true, Our ban - ners proud - ly
2. We come, we come, a joy - ous band, In the fresh - ness of life's
3. We march, we march, with pray'r and song, On the field you're sure to
4. A "Loy - al Le - gion" may we stand, Mid the storm of earth's temp-
bring - ing, With a shield of faith and a badge of blue: And a
morn - ing; We are grow - ing up with a pur - pose grand, And a
find us; In a fight for right and a war with wrong We'll
ta - tion, That in days to come, join - ing hand in hand, We may
song of vict - 'ry sing - ing, A song of vict - 'ry sing - ing.
glad new day is dawn - ing, A glad new day is dawn - ing.
cast all fear be - hind us, We'll cast all fear be - hind us.
help to save the Na - tion, May help to save the Na - tion.

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From 'Marching Songs for Young Crusaders, by Anna Gordon. Price 10 cents.

MY TOBACCO.

Father Steele, the senior member of the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote recently to the Michigan 'Christian Advocate' as follows:—

'For sixty-two years I was the victim of the tobacco habit. This I confess with shame, and yet perhaps not because of my personal guilt in contracting the habit, so much as my guilt in continuing it after being convinced of its injurious effects upon my physical system, to say nothing of its moral defilement, of which I was fully persuaded. But the habit had gained such a power over me as to make it a necessity for indulgence while engaged in the work of the ministry. Without it my brain would whirl and my mind become so confused as to render mental and intellectual studies impossible. I promised myself time and again that if the time ever came when I could lay aside all intellectual work and give up my whole time and strength in fighting the habit, I would in the name and help of God challenge my darling enemy to the combat. This occurred on Nov. 12, 1892, upon my eightieth birthday, when I was, by the grace of God, enabled to say, "No more tobacco for me, henceforth and forever. My dear old men who read this article, do not say that you cannot or should not give up this habit if you have contracted it. Do not say you would not be a cleaner, better, and more useful man, especially if you are a Christian, without this filthy thing than with it. You undoubtedly would.

'My wife and children and best friends said: "I am afraid that to leave it off at your time of life, after so many years of constant use and indulgence, will kill you." My reply was: "I am near the end of life, and this can only hasten its close for a short time anyhow. I am going to heaven clean. Tobacco and I must part forever, whatever may be its results." To say that the struggle was severe is to say what all know who have attempted to subdue a habit so long cherished. But I have the victory complete. The enemy is conquered, and I am free from this impure and disgusting habit. I am better in health, my brain is clearer, and I have a new lease of life. I write this at the age of nearly eighty-two years, by request of a friend and brother in the conference, to whom I have given the article in my own handwriting to keep.'

THE SALOON NOT A NEED.

Cottage City, the well-known watering place on Martha's Vineyard, has a summer population of twenty thousand people, no saloons, and two policemen. And the cottagers appear to enjoy themselves, too. The fact is that the saloon is not a need, but a nuisance.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON V.—NOV. 1, 1896.

I. Kings 5: 1-12.

BUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Commit to Memory Vs. 4, 5.

Golden Text.—Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.—Psalm 127: 1.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Solomon's Message to Hiram. Vs. 1-6.
II. Hiram's Gracious Reply. Vs. 7-9.
III. A Covenant of Peace. Vs. 10-12.

HOME READINGS.

M. Exod. 26: 1-37.—The Tabernacle.
T. 1 Kings 5: 1-18.—Solomon and Hiram.
W. 1 Kings 6: 1-14.—The Temple Begun.
Th. 1 Kings 6: 15-38.—The Temple Finished.
F. 2 Chron. 4: 1-22.—The Temple Furnished.
S. Heb. 9: 1-28.—A More Perfect Tabernacle.
S. 1 Cor. 3: 9-23.—'Ye are the Temple.'

Time.—B. C. 1012-1005. Place.—Mount Moriah.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

The young king Solomon soon began preparation for building the temple, according to David's desire. He sent to Hiram, king of Tyre, for Sidonian artificers, and a supply of cedar wood of Lebanon for its construction. Hiram responded promptly, and a treaty was formed between the two monarchs. After about three years of preparation the foundations of the temple were laid, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, on Mount Moriah, where had been the threshing-floor of Araunah. 2 Sam. 24: 18-25. The massive stones and beams, already prepared, were brought and laid in their appointed places; and thus, without the sound of hammer or axe or any iron tool, the temple arose. It was seven years in building.

QUESTIONS.

What did king Solomon soon begin to do? What did he request of Hiram, king of Tyre? How did Hiram respond to this request? What building materials did he furnish? Where was the temple built? When was the work begun? How was it carried on? When was the temple finished? How is a Christian the temple of God? 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17. How is the Church like a temple? Eph. 2: 20-22. Who is the true foundation? 1 Cor. 3: 11.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Every one has his own work to do for God.

2. Each one of us may build a temple for the Lord.

3. We should put into God's work our most precious things.

4. It is a great privilege to help in God's work.

5. The Lord blesses those who honor and serve him.

THE LESSON STORY.

There was a great trading city named Tyre on the seashore on the border of Israel. Hiram was its king, and when he knew that David was dead he sent his servants to Solomon to say that he had sympathy for his loss and to ask that they might be friends, as he and David had long been. Solomon was pleased to know that Hiram wanted to be his friend, for he needed his help in the great work of building the temple. This was the work God had given Solomon to do, and he was in haste to be about it. So Solomon sent to Hiram and told him that this was a great work which his father, David, could not do because of the wars he had to carry on. But the Lord had given him peace, and he was ready to build the house of the Lord. He asked Hiram to help him by sending men to hew the cedar trees from Lebanon. Solomon owned the beautiful cedars of Lebanon, but the Israelites had not the skill to hew them that the Sidonians had. Hiram was glad when he heard that Solomon wanted his help in so good and great a work, and promised to do all that he asked of him.

We do not know whether Hiram knew the true God or not, but there are reasons why we think he did. He loved good men, he loved to help on a good work, and he kept his word. Are not these good reasons?—'Berean Lesson Book.'

ILLUSTRATION.

How to build. There is nothing more lasting than truth. Nothing more beautiful than holiness. To build a strong, beautiful Christian character we must love the true and high. We must serve God daily in the little duties, the tiresome avocations of life. The wonderful stones of the temple were hewn stroke by stroke, the magnificent carvings were wrought minute by minute. The gorgeous texture was woven of individual threads. Christian character is the highest illustration of the power of littles. Let us build. In his 'name.' V. 5. The first requisite to successful Christian labor is the absolute putting away of self. We must think, speak, pray and work in the name of him from whom we receive our commission. Self must be ignored, forgotten. A brave ensign in the Peninsular wr, was observed in the thickest of the battle always at the front, rescuing the colors, cheering his comrades and standing his ground when others faltered or fled. After the battle he was asked, 'Carnegie, how did you manage to stand fire as you did? You were always at the front. You should let some of us into the secret.' 'I remembered whom I was fighting for—my king, and that gave me strength and courage. I never once thought of myself.' 'I will strengthen them in the Lord and they shall walk up and down in my name.'

Joyfully. 'He rejoiced greatly.' V. 7. The joy of the Lord is the strength for work. Neh. 8: 10: 'Blessed be the Lord.' V. 7. There are said to be one hundred and forty-six exhortations to prayer and supplication in the Bible, and four hundred and twenty-nine verses which bid men sing, praise and give thanks. As worship is more than work so praise is higher than prayer.

Obediently. 'I will do all thy desire.' V. 8. The prayer of Anna Fowler is a good one:

I'll go where you want me to go, Lord,
O'er mountain or desert or sea,
I'll stay where you want me to stay, Lord,
Stay, thou blessed Saviour, with me.

I'll preach what you want me to preach, Lord.
I'll pray where you want me to pray;
I'll be what you want me to be, Lord,
And say what you want me to say.

* * * * * * *

I'll give what you want me to give, Lord,
To spread holiness over the land:
I'll live as you want me to live, Lord,
And do all the good that I can.'

The Jewish temple was set apart as holy, a place of meeting with God. Christians as the temple of God should be holy; should avoid stimulants, narcotics, tobacco, unhealthy food, late hours, everything which tends to destroy, injure or defile the body. 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17.—'Arnold's Practical Commentary.'

C. E. PRAYER MEETING TOPICS AND DAILY READINGS.

ENTIRE SURRENDER.

David's submission. 2 Sam. 12: 15-23.
Peter's submission. John 13: 1-9.
Eli's submission. 1 Sam. 3: 11-18.
Job's submission. Job 1: 1-22.
Paul's submission. Phil. 3: 1-11.
Christ's submission. Matt. 26: 36-46.
Nov. 1.—The blessedness of entire surrender to God.—John 15: 1-10.

PROBABLE SONS.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The squire's pew was one of the old-fashioned high ones, and Milly's head did not reach the top of it. Very quiet and silent she was during the service, and very particular to follow her uncle's example in every respect, though she nearly upset his gravity at the outset by taking off her hat in imitation of him and covering her face with it. But when the sermon commenced her large dark eyes were riveted on the clergyman as he gave out the text so well known to her:

'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,' and though the sermon was half an hour in length, her gaze never left the pulpit.

'Uncle Edward,' she said, when their steps at length turned homewards, 'do you know, I heard all the sermon, and understood it pretty well except the long words. Wasn't it nice to hear about the probable son?'

'"Prodigal," you mean; cannot you pronounce your words properly?'

Sid Edward's tone was irritable. He had not been feeling very comfortable under the good vicar's words.

'I can't say that; I always forget it. Nurse says one long word is as good as another sometimes. Uncle, what did the clergyman mean by people running away from God? No one does, do they?'

'A great many do,' was the dry response.

'But how can they? Because God is everywhere. No one can't get away from God, and why do they want to? Because God loves them so.'

'Why did the prodigal want to get away?' Milly considered.

'I s'pose he wanted to have some a—aventures, don't you call them? I play at that, you know. All sorts of things happen to me before I sit down at the beech tree, but—but it's so different with God. Why, I should be fearful unhappy if I got away from Him. I couldn't, could I, uncle? Who would take care of me and love me when I'm asleep? And who would listen to my prayers? Why, Uncle Edward, I think I should die of fright if I got away from God. Do tell me I couldn't.'

Milly had stopped short, and grasped hold of Sir Edward's coat in her growing excitement. He glanced at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. 'You foolish child, there is no fear of you getting away from God. Don't be so excitable. We will change the subject. I want to see Maxwell, so we will go through the wood.'

Maxwell was Sir Edward's head keeper, and a little later found them at his pretty cottage at the edge of the wood. It was Milly's first visit, and Mrs. Maxwell, a motherly-looking body, greeted her with such a sunshiny smile that the child drew near to her instinctively.

'What a lovely room,' she exclaimed, looking round the homely little kitchen with a child's admiring eyes, 'and what a beautiful cat! May I stroke her?'

Assent being given, Milly was soon seated in a large cushioned chair, a fat tabby cat on her lap, and whilst Sir Edward was occupied with his keeper she was making fast friends with the wife.

'Uncle Edward,' she said, when they had taken their leave and were walking homewards, 'Mrs. Maxwell has asked me to go to tea with her to-morrow. May I—all by myself?'

'Ask your nurse; I have no objection.'

'I should love to live in her house,' continued the child eagerly; 'it is all amongst the trees, and I love trees. And this wood is so lovely. Why, I might get lost in it, mightn't I? I have never been here before. In my story-books, children always get lost in a wood. Uncle Edward, do you think the trees talk to one another? I always think they do. Look at them now. They are just shaking their heads together and whispering, aren't they? Whispering very gently to-day, because it is Sunday. Sometimes they get angry with one another and scream, but I like to hear them hum and sing best. Nurse says it's the wind that makes them do it. Don't you like to hear them? When I lie in bed I listen to them round the house, and I always want to sing with them. Nurse doesn't like it; she says it's the wind moaning: I think it's the trees singing to God, and I love them when they do it. Which do you think it is?'

And so Milly chatted on, and Sir Edward listened and put in a word or two occasionally, and on the whole did not find his small niece bad company. He told her when they entered the house that she could go to church every Sunday morning in future with him, and that sent Milly to the nursery with a radiant face, there to confide to nurse that she had had a 'lovely time,' and was going to tea as often as she might with 'Mrs. Maxwell in the wood.'

CHAPTER IV.—Mrs. Maxwell's Sorrow.

Milly spent a very happy afternoon at the keeper's cottage the next day, and came down to dessert in the evening so full of her visit that she could talk of nothing else.

'They were so kind to me, uncle. Mrs. Maxwell made a hot currant cake on purpose for me, and the cat had a red ribbon for company, and we sat by the fire and

talked when Maxwell was out, and she told me such lovely stories, and I saw a beautiful picture of the probable son in the best parlor, and Mrs. Maxwell took it down and let me have a good look at it. I am going to save up money and buy one just like it for my nursery, and do you know uncle—'

She stopped short, but not for want of breath. Putting her curly head on one side, she surveyed her uncle for a minute meditatively, then asked a little doubtfully: 'Can you keep a secret, Uncle Edward? Because I would like to tell you, only, you see, Mrs. Maxwell doesn't talk about it, and I told her I wouldn't—at least not to the servants, you know.'

'I think you can trust me,' Sir Edward said gravely.

'This is it, then, and I think it's so wonderful. They have got a real live probable son.'

Sir Edward raised his eyebrows. His little niece continued:

'Yes, they really have. It was when I was talking about the picture Mrs. Maxwell took the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes, and said she had a dear son who had run away from home, and she hadn't seen him for nine years. Just fancy! Where was I nine years ago?'

'Not born.'

'But I must have been somewhere,' and Milly's active little brain now started another train of thought, until she got fairly bewildered.

'I expect I was fast asleep in God's arms,' she said at length, with knitted brows, 'only of course I don't remember,' and having settled that point to her satisfaction she continued her story:

'Mrs. Maxwell's probable son is called Tommy. He ran away when he was seventeen because he didn't like the blacksmith's shop—Mrs. Maxwell and I cried about him—he had such curly hair and stood six feet in his stockings, and he was a beautiful baby when he was little and had croup, and—and confusions, and didn't come to for four hours, but he would run away, though he laid the fire and put sticks on it and drew the water for Mrs. Maxwell before he went. And Mrs. Maxwell says he may be a soldier or a sailor now for all she knows, and he may be drownded dead, or run over, or have both his legs shot to pieces, or he may be in India with the blacks; but I told her he was very likely taking care of some pigs somewhere, and she got happy a little bit then, and we dried our tears, and she gave me some peppermint to suck. Isn't it a wonderful story, uncle?'

'Very wonderful,' was the response.

'Well, we were in the middle of talking when Maxwell came in, so we hushed, because Mrs. Maxwell said, "It makes my man so sad;" but do you know, when Maxwell was bringing me home through the wood he asked me what we had been talking about, and he said he knew it was about the boy, because he could see it in Mrs. Maxwell's eye. And then I asked him if he would run and kiss Tommy when he came back, and if he would make a feast; and he said he would do anything to get him home again.'

Milly paused, then said wistfully:

'I wish I had a father, Uncle Edward. You see, nurse does for a mother, but fathers are so fond of their children, aren't they?'

'It does not always follow that they are,' Sir Edward replied.

'The probable son's father loved him, and Maxwell loves Tommy, and then there was David, you know, who really had a wicked son, with long hair—I forget his name—and he cried dreadful when he was dead. I sometimes tell God about it when I'm in bed, and then He—He just seems to put His arms round me and send me off to sleep; at least, I think He does. Nurse says God likes me to call Him my Father, but of course that isn't quite the same as having a father I can see. Maxwell is a very nice father I think. I told him I would pray for Tommy every night when I go to bed, and then I told him that God had lots of probable sons, too—the clergyman said so on Sunday, didn't he?—people who have run away from Him. I've been asking God to make them come back. I hope He will let me know when they do. Do you know any one who has run away from God, uncle?'

'You are chattering too much, child,' said Sir Edward irritably, 'sit still and be quiet.'

Milly instantly obeyed, and after some moments of silence her uncle said:

'I don't mind your going to Maxwell's cottage, but you must never take Fritz with you. He is not allowed in that wood at all. Do you quite understand?'

'Yes, but I'm very sorry,' for Fritz doesn't like being left behind; the tears were in his eyes when nurse told him he wasn't to go with me. You see, no one talks to him like I do. He likes me to tell him stories, and I told him when I came back about my visit, so he wants to go. But I won't take him with me if you say no.'

When she was leaving him that night for bed she paused a moment as she wished him good-night.

'Uncle Edward, when you say your prayers to-night, will you ask God to make Tommy come back home? His mother does want him so badly.'

'I will leave you to do that,' was the curt reply.

'Well, if you don't want to pray for Tommy, pray for God's probable sons, won't you? Do, Uncle Edward. Mrs. Maxwell said the only thing that comforted her is asking God to bring Tommy back.'

Sir Edward made no reply, only dismissed her more peremptorily than usual, and when she had left the room he leaned his arms on the chimney-piece, and resting his head on them, gazed silently into the fire with a knitted brow. His thoughts did not soothe him, for he presently raised his head with a short laugh, saying to himself:

'Where is my cigar-case? I will go and have a smoke to get rid of this fit of the blues. I shall have to curb that child's tongue a little; she is getting too troublesome.'

And whilst he was pacing moodily up and down the terrace outside, a little white-robed figure, with bent head and closed eyes, was saying softly and reverently as she knelt at her nurse's knee:

'And, O God, bring Tommy back, and don't let him be a probable son any more; bring him home very soon, please, and will you bring back all your probable sons who are running away from you, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

(To be Continued.)

STRAIGHT GIVING.

Some time ago a member of a Christian Endeavor Society in Montreal was speaking with the president of a successful Ladies' Missionary Society. She asked: 'What methods do you use to raise money in your society?' 'Straight giving,' was the reply.

It set her thinking, and it set some others in that Christian Endeavor Society to thinking, too. And from thinking they went to talking. For ten or eleven years they had existed as a society, but as a society had done nothing for foreign mission work. 'Could not afford it,' they said; they were each doing all they could already. But they talked more, and prayed and asked God to show them what they could do, and asked him to make them want, more than anything else, to know and to do just what he would have them do. After the talking they went about doing. Some of them promised to give five cents a month and some ten for a year. Some got up an entertainment. Some promised to try the talent plan, beginning with ten cents, and then give the proceeds. At the end of the year how much do you suppose they had raised? Thirty-five dollars. Not so bad for the first, was it?

But the vigorous hint of 'straight giving' stuck to some of them. At the first missionary meeting of their society this year they brought the matter up again. They talked of the sore needs in two of the fields in which their denomination is interested. They read the latest letters from their missionaries there, and prayed again and asked God to make known to each of them just what they could do, and make them want to do His will more than they wanted anything else in the whole world. And then the wide awake treasurer of the missionary committee asked for promises again for this year. Slips of paper were passed around, and each one wrote how much he or she wished to give a month for the coming year. Some members were absent, but they were interviewed by themselves. Some promised five cents a month, some ten, some twenty, some thirty, and one even promised forty. And at the next business meeting the chairman of the missionary committee, with a beaming face, announced that she had pledges for over $5 a month, or more than $60 for the year. So much for 'straight giving.' And I do not think that a single one of those young people expect to feel one cent the poorer this year. On the contrary, looking into their faces a stranger would gather that they expected to be double that amount the richer. And they strongly recommend the plan to other societies.

Northern Messenger.

We are glad to hear that our readers are so pleased with the change which has been made in the 'Northern Messenger.'

Among the new features in this week's issue the two headings of 'Boys and Girls' and 'Little Folks' will be noticed.

The five pages devoted to boys and girls gives ample room for a number of interesting stories each week, among which in this number will be noticed one written especially for the 'Messenger' by the Rev. Mr. Hopkin, of Montreal.

The two pages devoted to 'Little Folks' are set in very large type, so as to make them more easily read and more attractive to the little ones.

Is the 'Northern Messenger' distributed in your Sunday-school? If not, please find out why it is not and try to get it done.

The object of the Sunday-school in distributing a paper among the scholars is to give them as much good reading as possible, and there is no other Sunday-school paper which gives one-half as much reading as the 'Northern Messenger' for the price. Twelve pages a week at twenty cents a year to Sunday-schools is really a ridiculously low price. It amounts to only about one-third of a cent for each paper.

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